THE

CHARACTER

Of a True ENGLISH

Protestant Souldier;

With That of a

Doublet-Pinking Bully-Hec,

OR, A

Cowardly-Spirited ANIMAL,

Who dares not Venture his LIFE in the Service of his

COUNTRY.

A *Souldier*, however Born, is a *Gentleman* by his Profession; and that which undeniably proves him so, is, that he values his Honour above his Life. He is too Jealous of slippery Fame, to trust her so long on the ticklish Precipice of a doubtful Succession; and therefore with his own merit, he either supports the Credit of an Antient Family, or lays the Foundation of a new one: he thinks it not sufficient to say his Fore-Fathers were Valiant, unless himself be so too; and would

suspect

ſuſpect his own Mothers Fidelity, did he not find himſelf in poſſeſſion of his Fathers Courage.

The *Politician* calls the Souldier, *The Bulwark of a Nation*; and whilſt I behold ours in their ruddy Apparel, methinks every one looks like a contributing Brick, to thoſe Impregnable Walls; for they are Cemented with Loyalty inſtead of Lime; and whilſt they ſtand in defence of their King and Countrey, we need not doubt but they will eaſily undergo the fierceſt ſhock of the moſt Potent Enemy. The Sea and Theſe, look like a *Tautologie*, where Illiterate Nature might have ſpar'd the firſt, ſince ſhe has been ſo liberal in the latter. They were certainly ſuch Stones as theſe, which (like Epicurean's wanton Atoms) Danc't to the Jigg at *Thebes*, and by an accidental hit, ſettled there into a VVall, as the other into a VVorld. However I am confident ours will prove ſo Flinty a one, that they who ſtorm it, muſt ſtrike that Fire which will revert to their own Deſtruction.

But not to digreſs: — ——

A Souldier is one, who (as Heaven has given him a Soul, ſo he) knows how to uſe it: He is ſenſible of the difference between Honour and Infamy, ſo that the horrid apprehenſions of a baſe Life, drives him from the Fire to the Field; where carried on by an undaunted reſolution, he many times obtains at once, the Souldiers three grand *Utinams*, Fame, Preferment, and Victory: whilſt others by the ſilent Rhetorick of an inſipid Life, ſeem to make good *Charron*'s indifferency about *Senſe* and *Reaſon* ——

If any man may be compared to the *Souldier*, it is (excepting himſelf) the beſt of Men, the *Philoſopher*; for they both carry their chiefeſt Treaſures about them, Courage and Learning, the One current in the Town, the Other in the Field. The *Souldier* thinks not himſelf in want when his Mony fails, but when his Spirit fails him; and then he knows he cannot ſuffer long, for his death muſt immediately follow. Sterling-Valour is the only Coin that paſſes in *Glory's Forum*, and he who has that ſhall be ſure either to purchaſe Dominions, or at leaſt the favour of him that rules them.

As Summer calls the Husband-man, ſo VVar beckons the *Souldier* into the Field; that alone's his time of Harveſt, his Sword is his Sickle, and out of men cut cloſe down and well thraſh'd, he maintains both himſelf and his Family; nor is he ſo prodigal of his dear-bought Reputation, as to exhauſt it all in his life-time, but as one never weary of doing good, by a continuance of generous Actions, ſtill keeps up the old Stock; which ere his Death being put into the ſafe Repoſitory of ſome Chronicle or Hiſtory, he afterwards dying, bequeaths it as a Legacy to his emulating Succeſſors.

Of all ſights in the World, the Back-ſide of a Coward is moſt hateful to him: he had rather charge the Devil in the Teeth, than him in the Poſteriors. A Flying Foe he looks on, as the worſt queſt he can follow, becauſe generally the Game's not worth the hanging, when 'tis caught. His Courage and Reaſon have made a Marriage, whereof a Succeſſion of Noble Actions are the commendable Iſſue; theſe like *Epaminondas* his two Victories, he may worthily call his Daughters; and need not fear the harſh attacks of Time, ſo long as they ſhall aſſuredly live, and reſcue him from the aſſaults of Oblivion.

If

If his Birth be obſcure, yet it is his comfort to think, that all Families have had a time for their riſe; and that no Ages have been fruitful in ſuch Productions, as thoſe of War, wherein the meaneſt Souldier has ſometimes out-ſtript his General; and by a ſwift Progreſſion in the Race of Honour, has at length come to command even his *Commander*.

No man is ſo liable to Advancement, as himſelf: He has the whole World for his Scene; and 'till all its Inhabitants fall aſleep together, he need not fear want of Imployment. The firſt day he liſts himſelf, he bids fair for Preferment, and runs as great a hazzard of Knighthood, as of Death in every attempt. Let him look which way he will, he finds no room for Fear; for if his time be come, he thinks no place ſo fit to expire in, as the Field, which is the Bed of Honour; but if the Thread of his Life be not yet wound up, he knows it lies not in the reach of any Accident to ſhorten it. In the Time of War, he looks on the World as reduc'd to a Lottery, where he that has the greateſt Courage, is ſure to draw the richeſt Prize. This it is, that makes him ſtrut in Rags, and rate himſelf not according to his *Habit*, but his *Heart*; as long as that's good, his Fortune cannot be otherwiſe, ſo that how low ſoever he is at preſent, he looks on himſelf as a Commander *in Futuro*.

A *Souldier* is certainly the beſt *Logician*; for as he ſeldom or never diſputes, but in a good Cauſe, ſo he generally carries the *Concluſion* in his Scabboard. Like the choiceſt Phyſicks, his worth may be undervalued, during the wanton Interval of a Kingdoms Health; but if her Politick Body, like our Natural Ones, through an exceſs of Eaſe and Luxury, reel in Sickneſs, 'tis he alone is the known Antidote againſt the Peſtilence of Diſſention: Like Fire, he cures by Sympathy, driving out one Sword with another; and by the extraordinary heat of his own Courage draws out That of his Enemies. He holds it next to his Creed, That no Coward can be an Honeſt Man. He knows the hazzard of Battles, not the Pomp of Ceremony, are the Souldiers beſt Theatre; and looks not on himſelf indebted to the multitude, but to his own Actions, for his Glory.

In ſhort, He is One who is deaf to Dangers, in whoſe Ears the Calls of Honour out-roar a Cannon, and the Invitations to Glory drown a *Demiculverin*. Next to his *KING*, he is his *Countries* Guardian; and She owes her welfare to his Courage and Conduct. Laſtly, When the Fertility of his Actions have folded him up in Peace, he leans his Silver-Head towards the Golden Scepter, and dies happily inveloped in his Princes Arms.

The Character of a Coward, or Bully-Hec.

BUT a *Coward* is certainly the ſhame of his *Species*. He is *Human Nature Traveſtied*, or the mock man, who (Munkey-like) wou'd undervalue the real one, by reſembling him. His Heart, like a Pidgeons Gall, lies in his Guts; and nothing under a Gallon of Uſque-Baugh, or Kilderkin of Ale, can chace it up to his Stomach. He is never Quarrelſom till he is Drunk; for then he knows his weakneſs, like a womans, is his ſure Protection. When he is come home, he ſhews his manhood in Swearing at, or perhaps fighting with his Wife, Maid, or Children; and

when he wakes next morning, runs the hazzard of a Conſumption in contemplating the danger he went, by his laſt Nights Valour.

Though he is naturally an Epicure; yet he often curſes the Cuſtom of Eating, becauſe there are generally *Knives* us'd in it; and fore-ſwears drinking out of a *Quart-pot*, becauſe the Mouth of it looks ſo like the muzzel of a Musket.

Like ſilly Children, he thinks the whole *Firmament* is compos'd of Smoak, and concludes he can live no where, but under that part of it which was compos'd by his own Chimney: Like a Fiſh, he breaths his deſtruction out of his own Element, and nothing under a *Sub-pœna* can drag him out of his Native Country. His greateſt pique againſt *England* is, that it is an Iſland, and thinks there is danger enough in a Battle beyond Sea, without an unneceſſary hazarding of ones Life to go toit. He had rather be covered with *Newgate* at home, than with a Coat of Male abroad; becauſe the Stone is the more ſure Defence, and is ſituate in leſs danger.

To conclude, he is at beſt but the skin of a man ſtufft with Cowardice; like a Cinamon Tree, his Bark is more valuable than his Bulk; ſo hollow-hearted, that if he ſtrikes but his hand on his breaſt, it ſounds like a Drum, and his ſhirt runs the hazard of a *Contamination*, at the meer apprehenſion of a War. He looks like one of *Promethens* his Images unfir'd; like one of Natures Caſt-by's, whom fearing he ſhould take up anothers room, ſhe huddl'd up in a hurry, and produc't with ſuch diſpatch, that the haſty Mid-wife was forc't to pluck out his body with ſuch ſpeed, that ſhe left his ſoul in his Mothers Womb.

FINIS.

With Allowance.

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